

SUNSET CARSON

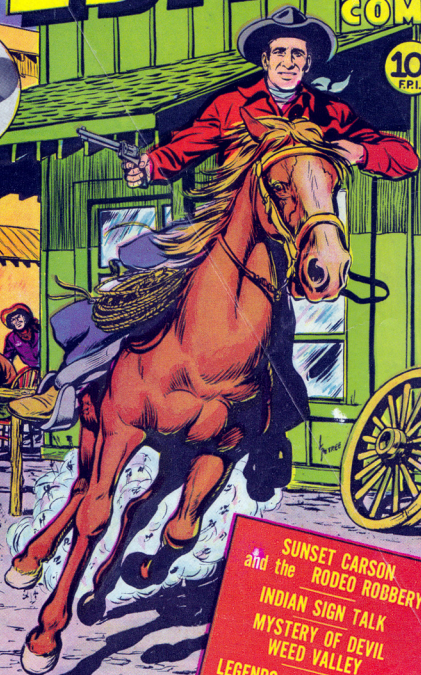
No. 35

COWBOY

WESTERN

COMICS

10¢
F.R.I.



SUNSET CARSON
and the **RODEO ROBBERY**
INDIAN SIGN TALK
MYSTERY OF DEVIL
WEED VALLEY
LEGENDS of the OLD WEST



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



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Sunset CARSON

WHEN THE CATTLE-KILLING "DEVIL WEED" SPREAD LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE THROUGH THE RICH RANCH COUNTRY OF LONG HORN VALLEY, RANCHER AFTER RANCHER WAS FORCED TO MOVE WHAT PART OF HIS HERD HE COULD SALVAGE TO OTHER AREAS. WHEN SUNSET CARSON BEGAN TO WONDER IF THE PRESENCE OF THE WEED WAS THE RESULT OF NATURE OR PART OF A DIABOLICAL SCHEME, THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN!..

"RECKON YOU'D BETTER GET IN THERE FAST, SUNSET, OR THERE'S LIKELY TO BE BLOODSHED!"



"NOBODY EAST EVER CALLED ME NAMES AND NOBODY HERE'S GOING TO!"

"HEY, BREAK IT UP."

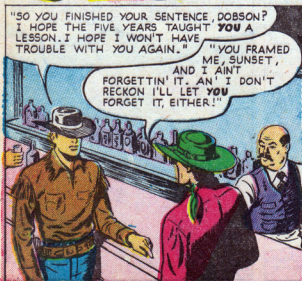
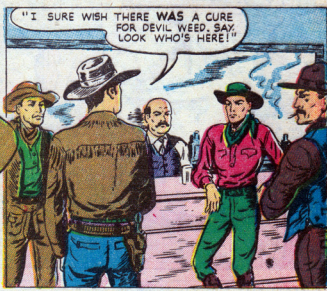
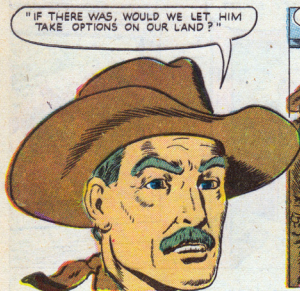
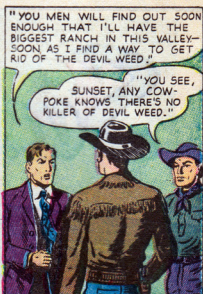


"YOU, TOO, EH? WELL I CAN WHIP THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU."

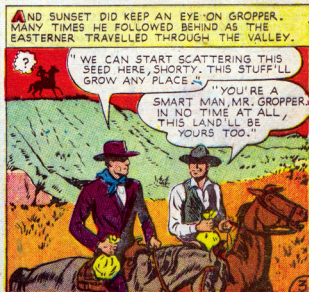
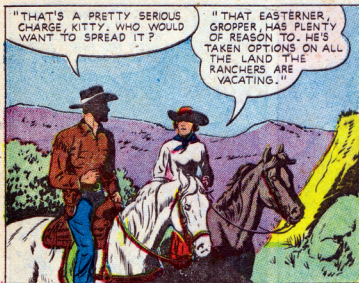
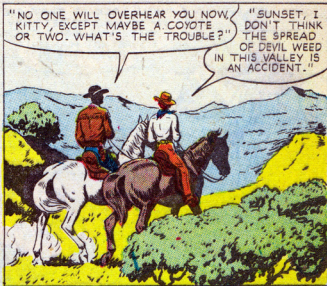
"HEY, I'M JUST TRYING TO KEEP THE PEACE."



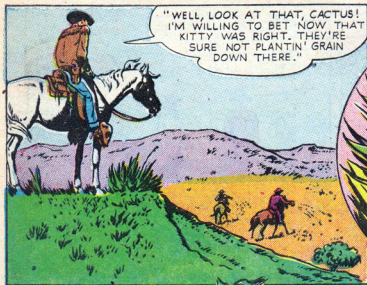
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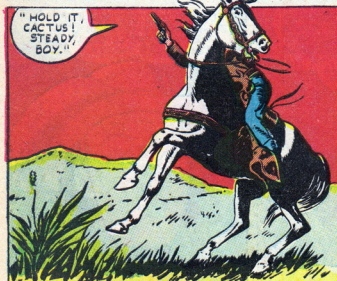
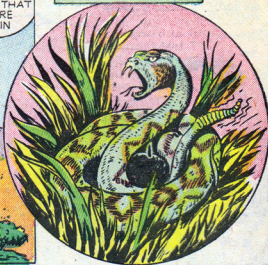
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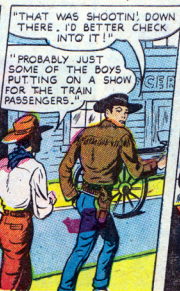
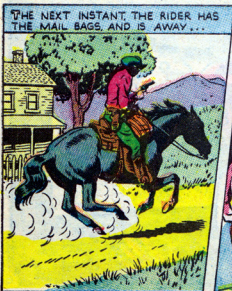
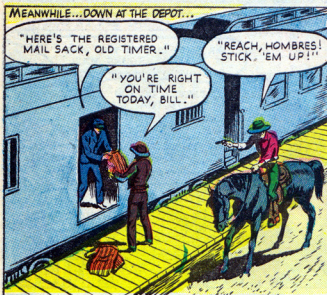
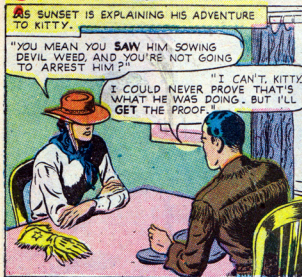
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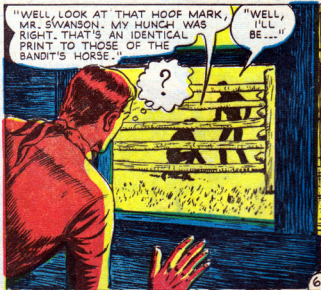
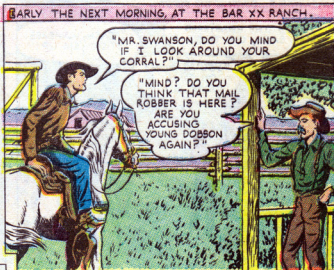
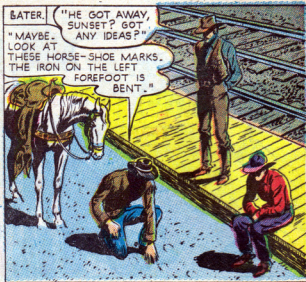
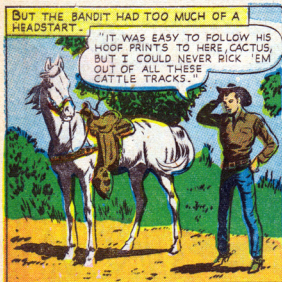
SUDDENLY, NEARBY...



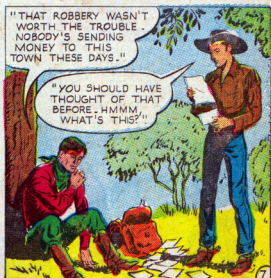
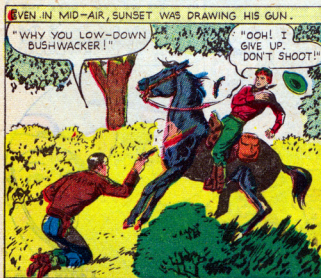
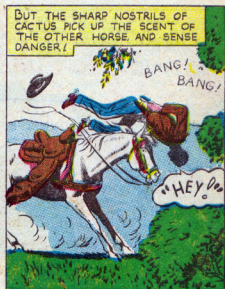
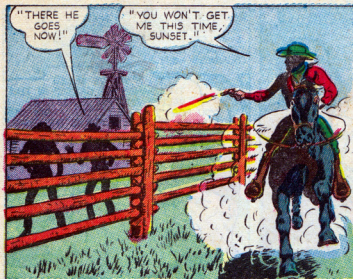
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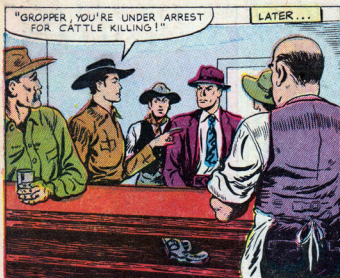
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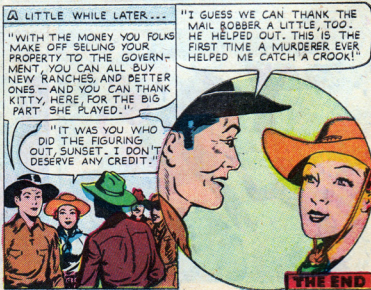
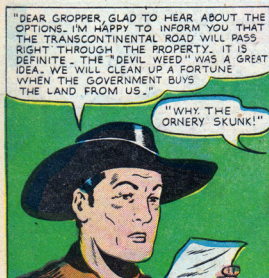
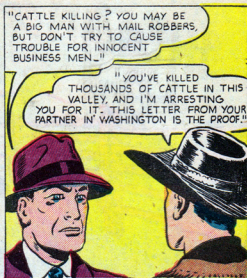
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COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



LATER...



THE END

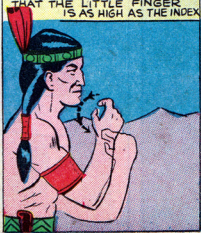
INDIAN SIGN TALK



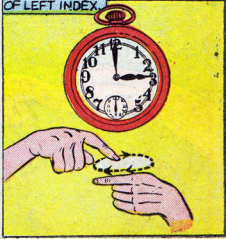
THE SIGN LANGUAGE WAS NOT LIMITED TO THE INDIANS BUT WAS USED THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE. SOME EXPERTS CLAIM THAT IT IS MORE ANCIENT THAN SPEECH. THE ARTIST HAS ILLUSTRATED A FEW PAGES OF HAND GESTURES WITH THE MEANING OF EACH.



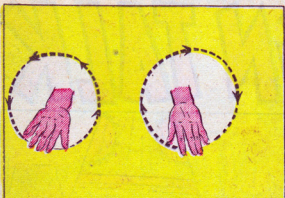
WANT— HOLD THE RIGHT HAND IN FRONT OF CHIN. FORM A VERTICAL INCOMPLETE CIRCLE WITH INDEX AND THUMB. SWING PAST THE MOUTH SO THAT THE LITTLE FINGER IS AS HIGH AS THE INDEX



WATCH (TIME PIECE) FORM A CIRCLE WITH THUMB AND INDEX OF LEFT HAND, OTHERS CLOSED. TAP AROUND ON THIS WITH THE TIP OF LEFT INDEX.



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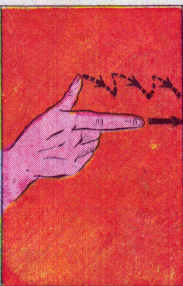


THINGS- THE 5 HANDS POINTING FORWARD, BACKS UP, WAIST HIGH, ONE AT EACH SIDE OF BODY; SWING ONCE OR TWICE IN SMALL CIRCLES NEARLY VERTICAL, BUT A LITTLE FORWARD IN THE UPPER PART.

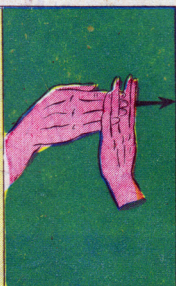


DWELL- RIGHT FLAT HAND FACE HIGH, POINTING UP, TWISTED SLOWLY FROM LEFT TO RIGHT TWO OR THREE TIMES.

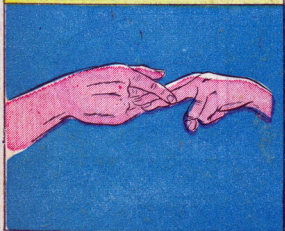
LOVER- THRUST THE RIGHT HAND FORWARD BACK UP AND TO RIGHT, TURNING SLOWLY BY WRIST ACTION SO THE THUMB RISES TWO OR THREE INCHES UP AND DOWN ON THE AXIS OF THE INDEX.



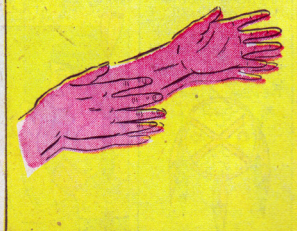
THROUGH- PUSH THE RIGHT HAND EDGE WISE OUTWARD BETWEEN THE MIDDLE AND 3RD FINGERS OF THE LEFT, WHICH ARE HELD POINTING UPWARD



TICKET- HOLD OUT LEFT HAND, BACK UP; LAY THE RIGHT G ACROSS IT AT THE MIDDLE KNUCKLES; OTHER SIGNS MAY BE ADDED AS NEEDED, SUCH AS RAILWAY, PAWN, THEATRE, ECT.



TRAVEL- HOLD OUT THE 5 HANDS, PALM TO PALM, BUT LEFT A FOOT APART AND 6 INCHES HIGHER, BOTH OF THEM VIBRATED UP AND DOWN.



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WHISPER-HOLD UP FLAT RIGHT HAND, THUMB AT ONE SIDE OF THE MOUTH, AND INCLINE THE HEAD.

TO WARM - HOLD OUT BOTH FLAT HANDS, SIDE BY SIDE, BREAST HIGH, BACKS UPSLIGHTLY CURVED AS THOUGH OVER A FIRE; THEN RUB THEM TOGETHER.



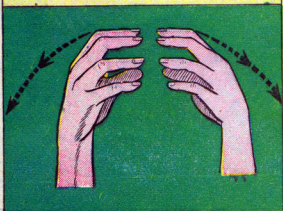
BEWARE, RAISE RIGHT INDEX, REST CLOSED; TURN HAND SO AS TO HAVE RIGHT EYE, INDEX AND THE PERSON IN LINE; AT THE SAME TIME, SHAKE THE HEAD A LITTLE.



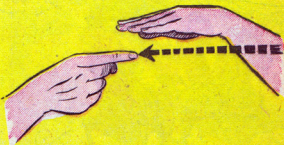
SIT DOWN, HOLD THE RIGHT HAND IN FRONT OF AND A LITTLE LOWER THAN RIGHT SHOULDER, BACK TO RIGHT; MOVE THE HAND DOWNWARD A FEW INCHES



TO DIVIDE-SWING THE CURVED FINGERS TOGETHER IN DOME SHAPE, LEFT TIP RESTING ON RIGHT TIP; THEN CHANGE TO CURVED 4 HANDS AND SWING DOWN AND APART ON A CURVE

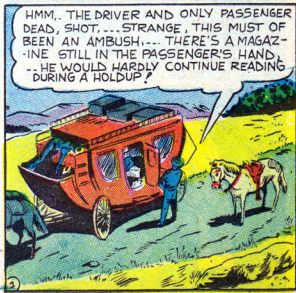
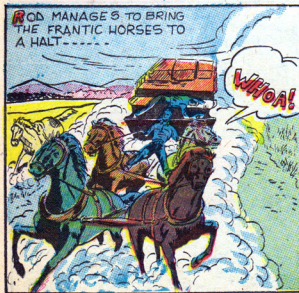


RUN AWAY-HOLD OUT FLAT LEFT HAND, PALM DOWN; PUSH RIGHT HAND UNDER IT QUICKLY AND SINUOUSLY. SOMETIMES PREFACE IT BY LAYING ONE HAND OVER THE EYES.



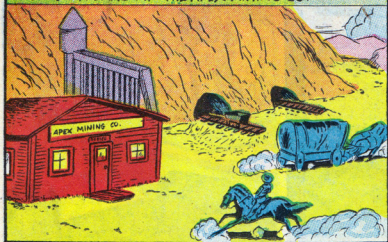
Rod KLINE

UNITED STATES MARSHAL

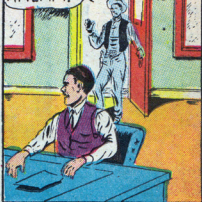


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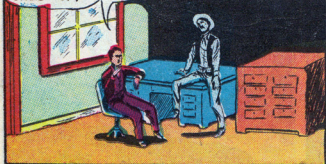
A FEW HOURS LATER NEAR THE TOWN OF "CEDAR CREEK" WHERE THE ILLFATED STAGE WAS HEADED ---A EXCITED RIDER APPEARS AT THE APEX MINING CO. ---



WE'VE GOT TROUBLE WELLS, -- THAT STAGE HAS BEEN BROUGHT INTO TOWN BY A U.S. MARSHAL, AN HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IT WAS A ROBBERY ATTEMPT!



HMM...I NEVER FIGURED ON A MARSHAL, WHEN WE DECIDED TO AMBUSH THE STAGE, TO STOP THE CO-OWNER OF THIS MINE FROM GETTING HERE, I MANAGED TO SWINDLE HIM WITH OUT SUSPICION BECAUSE HE LIVED IN THE EAST, HE TRUSTED ME FOR YEARS, BUT ALL AT ONCE HE BEGAN TO GET SUSPICIOUS, WE COULDN'T LET HIM GET HERE TO CHECK UP!

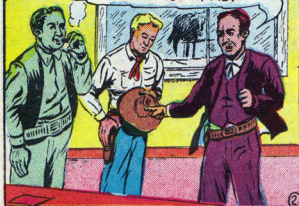


THAT STUPID SHERIFF WOULD HAVE WROTE IT OFF AS ROBBERY, AN WE WOULD HAVE BEEN ALLSET, ---HMM, IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING TO THROW SUSPICION CLEAR OF US.



...A WHILE LATER IN TOWN...

I TELL YOU MARSHAL IT'S AS PLAIN AS DAY SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO PUT US OUT OF BUSI-NESS, --FIRST MY PARDNER'S KILLED AN' AS I WAS RIDIN' IN SOMEONE TOOK A SHOT AT ME!

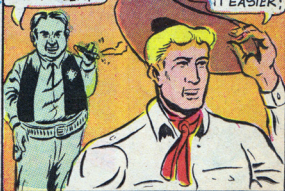


LATER--

WELL, MARSHAL I GUESS THAT MAKES IT EASIER, --WE KNOW THE MOTIVE AT LEAST!

-- AND MR. WELLS HAS OFFERED A THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD FOR THE KILLER!

YES SHERIFF, I THINK IT DOES MAKE IT EASIER!



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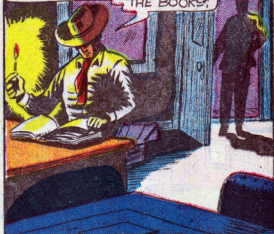
THAT NIGHT ROD RIDES OUT TO THE APEX MINING CO. ---



IF I WASN'T SO DEAD SURE ABOUT THIS I WOULDNT BREAK IN THE OFFICE!



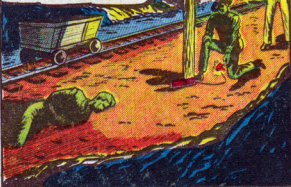
HMM.. JUST AS I THOUGHT, --- THE REPORTS SENT TO THE CO-OWNER DON'T JIVE WITH THE BOOKS!



YOU'RE TOO SMART MARSHAL , I GUESS YOU NEVER HEARD OF CURIOSITY KILLING THE CAT, --- GIVE ME A HAND, WE'RE TAKIN' HIM TO THAT ABANDONED MINE SHAFT!



THIS SHAFT ISN'T USED ANYMORE AND IT WOULD BE NO SURPRISE TO ANYONE IF IT WOULD COMPLETELY CAVE IN. . BUT WE'RE GOING TO HELP IT A LITTLE, HIS BODY WILL NEVER BE FOUND... USE AN EXTRA LONG FUSE, SO WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO GET OUT!



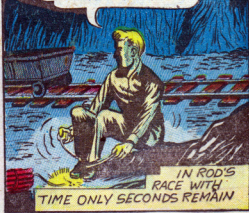
THAT FUSE IS LONG ENOUGH, IF I CAN JUST GET OVER TO THAT DYNAMITE!



LUCK'S WITH ME THE FUSE IS BURNING THE ROPE!

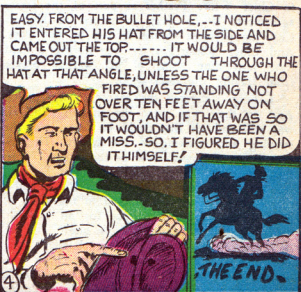
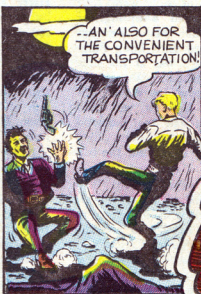


THEY'LL BE WAITING OUTSIDE FOR THE CHARGE TO GO OFF --- HMM.. THAT TRACK IS ON A DOWNGRADE -- IF I JUST HAVE THE TIME



IN ROD'S RACE WITH TIME ONLY SECONDS REMAIN

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THE TRAIL OF THE SILVER DOLLARS

The impression you got on your way to the Indian Territory was one of eternal peace. The blue skies seemed to meet the rounded hills and merged on the horizon. Two government mules were drawing a single side-spring buggy over the Anderson trail. In that buggy was Major William Peterson. At his side was a loaded shot gun; in back of him were four mounted Indians. Each carried a Springfield cavalry rifle across the saddle. Major Peterson stopped his mules and waited until Long Finger, head of the Indian Police was at his side.

"I'm worried," he remarked. "We should have waited until tomorrow to make this trip. With Sunset Carson I know we could meet any danger and win. The ten thousand silver dollars I am carrying is more than enough to tempt any of the men from the bad lands to come out here."

Long Finger pointed to the horizon. "All is clear. If armed men come to fight, we are not afraid of them. If you wish to return to Hodges City, it is you who has but to give the command. We can wait for Sunset Carson."

Major Peterson's two brown eyes glanced at the heavy canvas bags at his feet. They contained the silver dollars which had to be paid to Chief White Feather as part of the treaty agreement. If he were to return to Hodges City, the payment would be late by two days. And Chief White Feather was having a hard time restraining some of his warlike braves from leaving the reservation.

"Giddap," shouted the Major to the mules. And on their way went the animals. The air was still and all that could be heard was the swaying and creaking of the buggy. The Indian Police followed close by the buggy. When they came to Wiston Canyon, Major Peterson stopped. Again the officer voiced the thoughts that bothered him. He pointed to the sides of the canyon. "A perfect spot for an ambush. They could pick us off one by one." The Indians were now close to the buggy. Long Finger was about to suggest something and opened his mouth but the words never had a chance to pass his lips. A terrible explosion

rocked the floor of the canyon. The bodies of men and horses went flying into the air. They never knew what had happened.

The dining room of the Carlton Hotel at Hodges City was crowded with men. Some were standing and some were sitting. But they all were talking of the same tragic incident. Sheriff Harry Kober raised his hand for silence and he got it. "Men," he announced, "Sunset Carson asked you all here for an important reason. He has something to say and you better listen."

The famous man of the West was now standing in front of the group. There was a tense look on his face for he had just lost one of his dearest friends, Major William Peterson. Slowly he spoke so that each word should make a lasting impression.

"The foulest deed ever committed in the West happened yesterday," he began. "A United States Army officer and all the members of the Indian Police sent to protect him were killed in cold blood without a chance to fight for their lives. Sheriff Kober and myself went over every inch of the ground. We can figure out what must have happened. As the party was about to enter the canyon they were blown literally to bits by carefully concealed charges of gunpowder. The object was to get the ten thousand dollars in silver being sent to Chief White Feather."

John Golob, owner of the Big Drink Cafe, rose from his seat. He was a powerfully built man with large black eyes and graying brown hair. "What are we waiting for? I say to our horses and let's get the skunks who did this terrible thing. And when we get them, I say that hanging is too good for them. Well, what are we waiting for?" His last words seemed addressed to Sunset Carson.

Sunset replied calmly. "We haven't the slightest clue as to the identity of the killer or killers. And should we get a lead to help us, you may rest assured that the law will take its course. But at present we have a tough problem on hand. The treaty payment is now overdue. Banker Jones has authorized me to draw on him for the amount of ten thousand dol-

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lars in paper money. I asked you to come here with all the silver dollars in your possession. So put your money on the table and you will get paper money in return.

Canvas bags, leather pouches, paper bags, and loose silver dollars soon were crowding the table. John Golob handed Sunset Carson a large leather pouch. "You'll find 500 silver dollars in there, Sunset, if you want to count them." Sunset shook his head in the negative. "If you say there are 500 then I know without counting you are telling me the truth."

A large armed posse commanded by Sheriff Kober was following Sunset Carson over the Anderson Trail. Each man was carrying part of the silver payment being taken to the Indian village. When they reached the entrance to Wiston Canyon they stopped in respect to the men who had lost their lives at the hands of unknown killers. Something shiny struck Sunset's eyes. He dismounted and walked to a small rock. He picked up an object, glanced at it, and then placed it in his pocket. When he had remounted, Sheriff Kober asked him, "Find anything to help us? We went over every inch of ground last time."

Sunset shook his head in the affirmative. "Just one silver dollar left behind. It was wedged in between two small rocks. If we could only follow the trail of those silver dollars then we would have the guilty men who did this terrible deed. Meanwhile we better go at a faster pace if we want to reach the Indian village before sundown."

Chief White Feather was most dignified as he welcomed his white friend. The chief was about middle height, strong and well built, and perhaps about sixty years of age. His hair was white as snow. He was dressed in an old-fashioned blue military coat. "It is good to see you, my friend," he said. "There were those who said the government would not make the payment of silver dollars this year. But now I can show all my braves that the Great Father in Washington keeps his word."

A long flat pine board was placed on the ground. Then all the containers with silver dollars were placed on it. "Before we count the money," announced Chief White Feather, "I want you and the men with you to eat." A pit had been dug, a cow butchered, and soon the aroma of delicious meat greeted the nostrils of hungry men. After they had all feasted, Chief White Feather made a suggestion. "We will count the silver dollars now. Then you and your friends can retire to some lodges the squaws are preparing. They will need a good night's sleep for I know they will want to leave in the morning."

Sheriff Kober and Sunset Carson watched

the Indians stack up the silver dollars and count them. But one stack of silver dollars fell down on the board. An Indian tried to re-stack them but again they all fell down. "Are these silver dollars sick?" asked Chief White Feather. Sunset Carson examined some of the dollars very carefully. Then he took from his pocket a silver dollar and compared it with the others. "Where did you get this pile of dollars?" he asked. The Indian pointed to a large leather pouch. "I know who committed the murder!" shouted Sunset. "And I'm leaving now." "Not without me," added the Sheriff.

The entire Indian village was in an uproar. The members of the posse who had started to retire for the night redressed in a hurry. As they started for their mounts, Chief White Feather spoke to the famous man of the West. "I go with you. Long Finger was my friend. He was killed just like your friend."

In the back room of the Big Drink Cafe, John Golob looked at a big keg full of silver dollars. He gave orders to one of his men, Pete Sawyer. "You better take this keg of silver dollars to St. Louis and get rid of them there at some of the banks." A tremendous noise was filtering through into the room. "Something is wrong, boss," shouted Pete as he glanced ahead. "Sunset and the Sheriff are here!"

It was too late to conceal the keg of silver dollars as Sunset entered the room followed by the Sheriff. "You are under arrest," said Sunset, "for murder and robbery. And don't go for that six-shooter on your desk."

John Golob thought he could get his gun before Sunset could take his six-shooter from the holster but a bullet in the arm made him realize resistance was useless. Pete surrendered without a word. The two men were taken to the local jail. "We will turn them over to the Marshal later for they will have to be tried in Federal Court for their crimes."

It was a week later that Sheriff Kober realized his curiosity was getting the best of him. "Sunset," he asked. "Just how did you get a clue to those two killers? They confessed but admitted they couldn't figure out what betrayed them."

"When they blew the buggy into the air," explained Sunset, "some of the silver dollars were bent as they crashed down on the rocks. The one I found was slightly bent. You could hardly notice it. But they didn't stack up straight on the board and fell down. Since they came from the pouch Golob gave me, the rest was easy. When will people learn that greed and crime can never be concealed?"

—THE END—

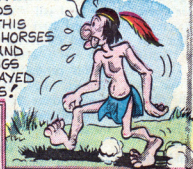
WESTERN WONDERS

DID THE INDIANS
RIDE THE
GREAT WESTERN
PLAINS BEFORE
THE WHITE
MAN CAME?

No!

THEY HAD TO
WALK!... THERE WERE
NO HORSES IN AMERICA ...
...TILL THE SPANIARDS
BROUGHT THEM TO THIS
COUNTRY... THE WILD HORSES
THE INDIANS CAUGHT AND
RODE WERE OFFSPRINGS
OF HORSES THAT STRAYED
FROM SPANISH CAMPS!

PHOOEY! NOT
EVEN A
STREETCAR!



DESERT ODDITIES

SOME SPECIES OF DESERT LIZARDS
WHEN CAUGHT BY THE TAIL, FREE THEMSELVES
BY DETACHING THEIR TAIL FROM THEIR BODY,
AND IN A
SHORT TIME
GROW A NEW
ONE!



COWBOY LINGO DEPT!

SLAPPING LEATHER

IN COWBOY
LINGO MEANS
TO GO FOR
YOUR SIX-
SHOOTER BUT
TO A TENDER-
FOOT WHO
TROTTS A
HORSE FOR
THE FIRST TIME
IT HAS
ANOTHER
MEANING!



JOE HARRISON

LEGENDS OF THE OLD WEST

YES...MANY MOONS
AGO, ...BEYOND
WHERE BIG BLUE
RIVER FLOWS!...

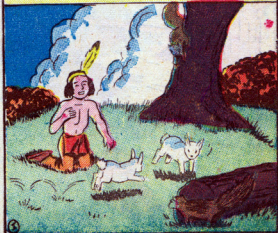
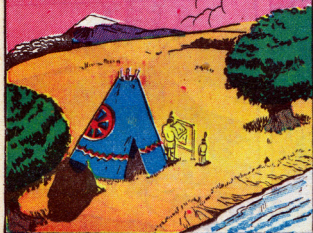
LEGENDS ARE STORIES
OR TALES HANDED
DOWN THROUGH THE
YEARS, SOME TRUE
SOME MYTHICAL...
THE LUMBERJACKS
TOLD TALES OF
"PAUL BUNYAN"...THE
COWBOYS TOLD OF
"PECOS BILL"...BUT
LET'S NOT FORGET
THE INDIAN OF THE
OLD WEST-----

**LITTLE ICINIKE AND
THE BUZZARD**

BY CHIT HARMON

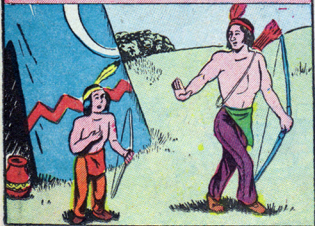
HERE LIVED A LITTLE BRAVE NAMED
"ICINIKE". HE LIVED WITH HIS FATHER
"BIG BEAR" AND HIS MOTHER "LITTLE DEER".

LITTLE ICINIKE JOYFULLY DID PASS
EACH DAY, ...WATCHING HIS LITTLE
FOREST FRIENDS AT PLAY.....

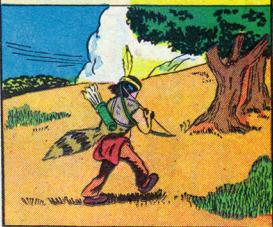


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

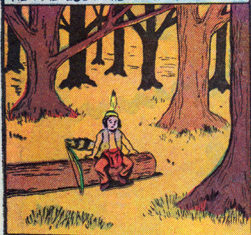
BUT ICINIKE WANTED TO GO HUNTING WITH HIS FATHER ONE DAY,... HE WAS TOLD THE DANGERS WERE GREAT AND AT HOME HE MUST STAY!...



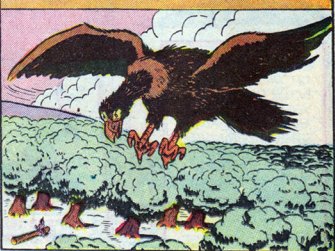
BUT SO DETERMINED HE WAS, HE PUT ON HIS COONSKIN COAT AND SHOULDERS HIS BOW,...AND OFF TO THE FOREST LITTLE ICINIKE DID GO!...



LITTLE ICINIKE FOUND TO HIS DISMAY,...THAT IN THE FOREST HE HAD LOST HIS WAY!...



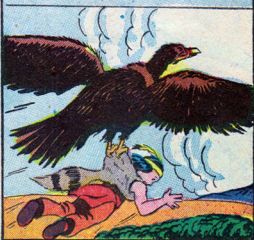
A WISE OLD BUZZARD WHILE CIRCLING IN THE SKY,...LITTLE ICINIKE HE DID SPY!



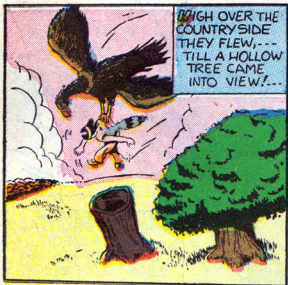
AND WITHOUT WARNING THE BIG BIRD SWOOPED DOWN,...SNATCHING LITTLE ICINIKE OFF THE GROUND!...



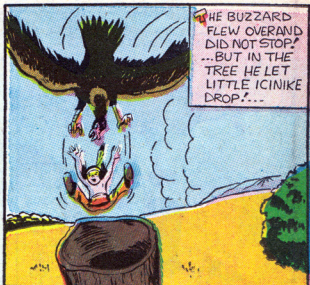
TERRIFIED LITTLE ICINIKE WAS CARRIED HIGH,...UP INTO THE BLUE SKY!...



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



HIGH OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE THEY FLEW,--- TILL A HOLLOW TREE CAME INTO VIEW!---

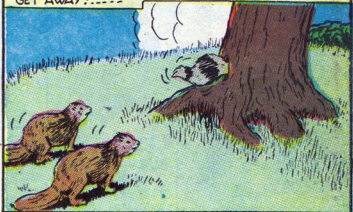


THE BUZZARD FLEW OVER AND DID NOT STOP! ... BUT IN THE TREE HE LET LITTLE ICYNIKE DROP!---

ICYNIKE REALIZED FROM THE BONES IN THE TREE,--- A MEAL FOR THE BUZZARD HE WAS SOON TO BE,--- HE CRIED FOR HELP BUT NO ONE WAS NEAR,--- ATTRACT ATTENTION HE THOUGHT HE MIGHT,--- IF THE TAIL OF HIS COAT HE COULD GET IN SIGHT!---



TWO BEAVERS WHILE WORKING AT A CREEK NEAR BY,--- THE COONSKIN TAIL THEY DID SPY!----- THE BEAVERS AND THE COONS GREAT FRIENDS WERE THEY,--- SO THE BEAVERS DECIDED TO HELP THE COON GET AWAY!-----

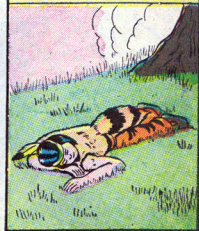


SO, WITHOUT UNDUE DELAY,--- AT THE TREE THEY STARTED GNAWING AWAY-----

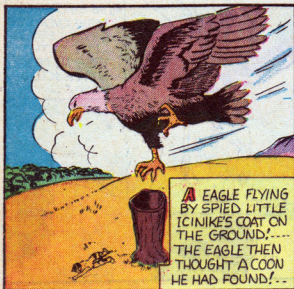
BUT, INSTEAD OF A COON, TO THEIR SURPRISE, OUT JUMPED ICYNIKE WITH HAPPY CRIES!-----



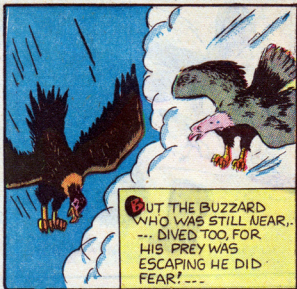
TIRED AND WEARY AS HE COULD BE,--- HE WAS SOON FAST ASLEEP BY THE SIDE OF THE TREE,---



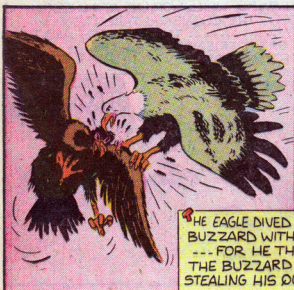
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



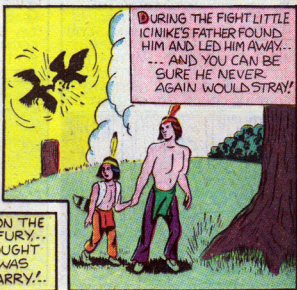
A EAGLE FLYING BY SPIED LITTLE ICINIKE'S COAT ON THE GROUND!... THE EAGLE THEN THOUGHT A COON HE HAD FOUND!...



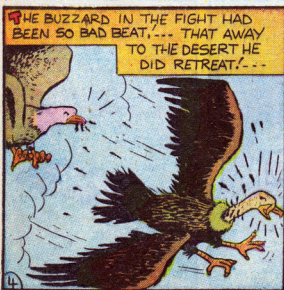
BUT THE BUZZARD WHO WAS STILL NEAR... DIVED TOO, FOR HIS PREY WAS ESCAPING HE DID FEAR!...



THE EAGLE DIVED ON THE BUZZARD WITH FURY... FOR HE THOUGHT THE BUZZARD WAS STEALING HIS QUARRY!...



DURING THE FIGHT LITTLE ICINIKE'S FATHER FOUND HIM AND LED HIM AWAY... AND YOU CAN BE SURE HE NEVER AGAIN WOULD STRAY!...



THE BUZZARD IN THE FIGHT HAD BEEN SO BAD BEAT,--- THAT AWAY TO THE DESERT HE DID RETREAT!...



... AND THERE YOU WILL FIND HIM YET TODAY,--- BUT ON LIVING THINGS HE NO LONGER DOES PREY!... BUT LIVES LIKE THE COWARD HE IS, ONLY ON THINGS THAT ARE **DEAD!**--- AND THAT FIGHT WITH THE EAGLE IS THE REASON, THERE ARE NO FEATHERS ON HIS **HEAD!**

Sunset CARSON

AND THE RODEO ROBBERY

WHEN ROVING MARSHAL, SUNSET CARSON, INVESTIGATES THE BUSH-WACKING MURDER OF "BIG BILL" EMMET, MANAGER OF THE ELKHORN EXPRESS COMPANY, HE FINDS HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST ONE OF THE WILDEST OUTLAWS OF THE WEST... BUT SUNSET KNOWS THAT HE MUST SUCCEED BECAUSE NOT ONLY HIS OWN LIFE, BUT THE FUTURE OF "LITTLE BILL" EMMET IS AT STAKE.

YIPPEE!
BUCK, BRONC, BUCK!
I'M STAYIN'
ABOARD!

EVERYONE'S WATCHIN'
THIS EVENT. NOW'S THE
TIME TO HOLD UP THE
TICKET OFFICE.

WE GOTTA BE
FAST. I'M DUE
TO RIDE THE NEXT
BRONC. LET'S GO!



YOU SAY "BIG BILL'S" SON SAW THE ROBBERY AND SHOOTING? WOULD HE RECOGNIZE THE BANDIT?

HE CLAIMS HE'D KNOW HIM IF HE SAW HIM AGAIN. YOU GO UP TO ELKHORN AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND OUT.

I WISH I WAS GOIN' UP THERE THIS WEEK MYSELF. THE RODEO'S ON. MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO TAKE A GANDER AT IT.



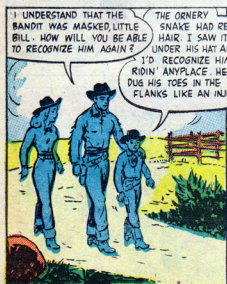
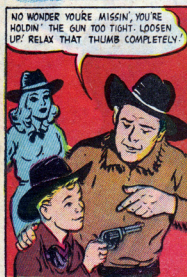
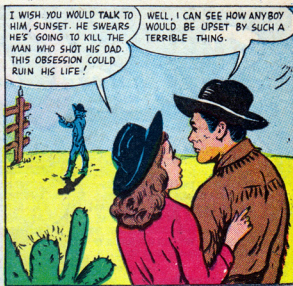
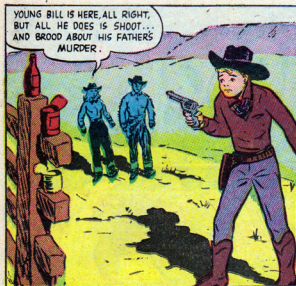
A FEW HOURS LATER, AT THE "CIRCLE K" RANCH, NEAR ELKHORN...

HOWDY, NAN! I HEAR YOU'VE TAKEN IN YOUNG BILL EMMET. I WONDER IF HE'S AROUND ANY PLACE?

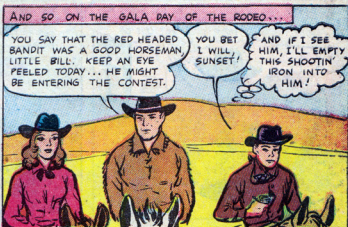
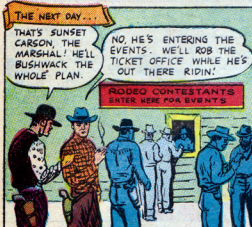
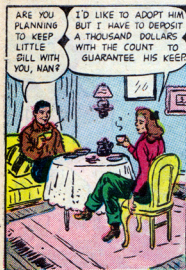
OH, SUNSET, I'M GLAD YOU CAME! I NEED YOUR HELP SO MUCH!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



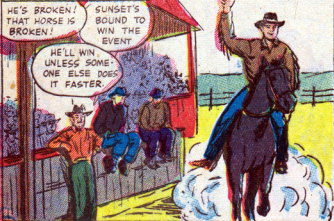
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

DESPITE THE FEROCIOUS BUCKING OF THE BRONCO, SUNSET STAYS IN THE SADDLE... FINALLY, COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED, THE HORSE'S RESISTANCE IS BROKEN.

HE'S BROKEN! THAT HORSE IS BROKEN!

SUNSET'S BOUND TO WIN THE EVENT

HE'LL WIN, UNLESS SOME-ONE ELSE DOES IT FASTER.

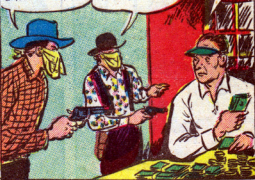


AT THAT MOMENT WHILE THE CROWD IS CHEERING WILDLY...

STRETCH HIGH, HOMBRE! WE'RE TAKING THOSE GATE RECEIPTS!

YEAH!... AND WE WANT THE PRIZE MONEY TOO. GET IT UP!

A HOLDUP!



SEE I TOLD YOU WE COULD GET IT ALL IN THERE

SHUT UP! DO YOU WANT HIM TO KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOIN' NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



IF YOU ASK ME I'D SAY WE SHOULD RIDE OUTTA HERE

NOBODY ASKED YOU. I'M ENTERED IN THIS EVENT. THE LAST PERSON THEY'D SUSPECT WOULD BE A CONTESTANT.



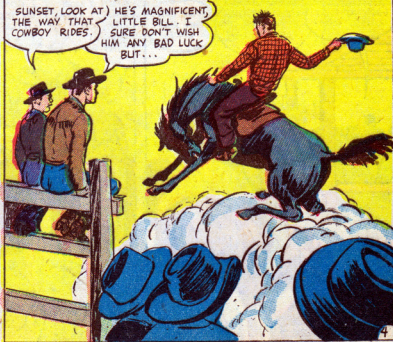
YOU JUST SIT ON THAT FENCE AND WAIT 'TIL I'M FINISHED.

WE'VE GOT ALL THE PRIZE MONEY... BUT RISK YOUR FOOL NECK IF YOU WANT TO.

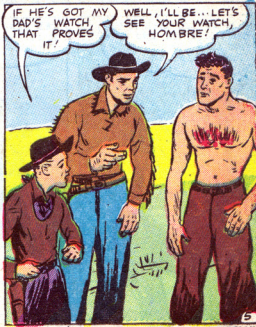
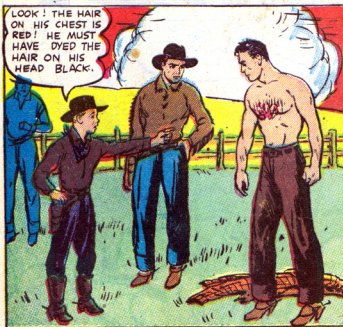
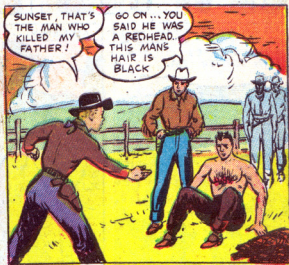
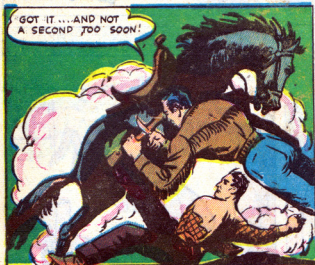


AS THE BANDIT'S BRONCO BURSTS INTO THE CIRCLE...

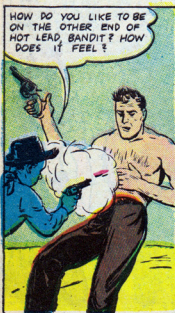
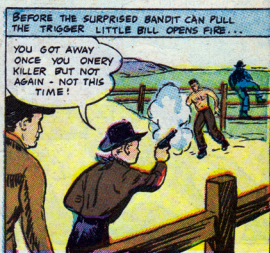
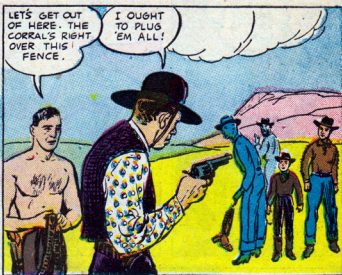
SUNSET, LOOK AT) HE'S MAGNIFICENT, LITTLE BILL. I SURE DON'T WISH HIM ANY BAD LUCK BUT...



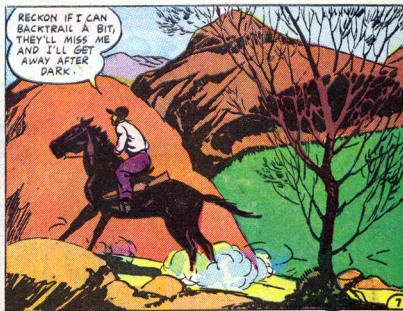
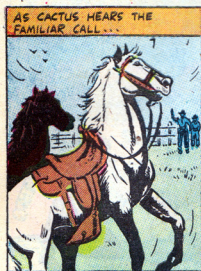
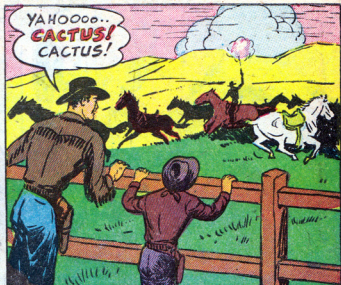
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



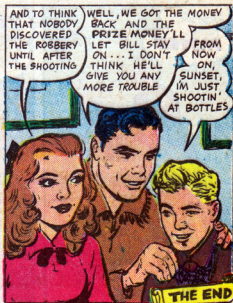
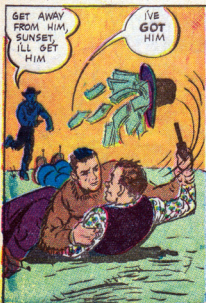
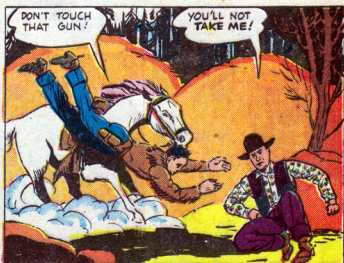
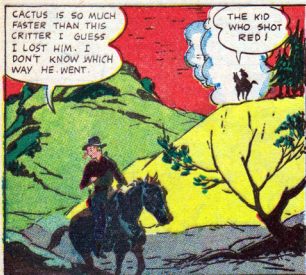
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



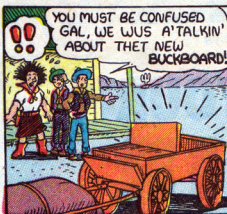
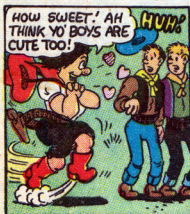
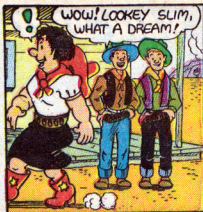
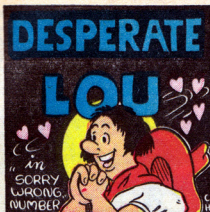
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



Sensational Results Reported in Curbing

PIMPLES*

About your skin problem—are you plagued by pimples, acne, eczema and other externally caused blemishes? Do they get a little better, then break right out again? Are you ashamed to get out in the world, and have just about given up hope? No matter what you have used in the past, no matter what your condition—

MAKE THIS 30 DAY TEST and get DOUBLE MONEY BACK unless you are helped.

Now offered to the public is a brand new and different treatment based on the formula that proved so successful in hospital tests. A leading doctors' magazine reported these startling facts to the entire medical world: every case of acne, pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin blemishes—really helped.

First its hide away action conceals blemishes instantly, then its medication works continuously 24 hours — day and night! Throw away all the useless treatments you

wasted money on in the past—and give your skin the 30 day test with this wonderful new Ward's Skin Treatment. If you miss this opportunity for a clear, smooth skin you'll have only yourself to blame—because the cost is so low for such grand results and you are protected by a double money back guarantee. Not yet sold in stores. Rush only \$2. for 60 day supply (3c a day). Mail coupon now.

©Ward Laboratories Inc., 1430 Broadway, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

Here's
Proof

"Tremendous improvement."

P.C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I am so happy."

A.V., Rosemead, Calif.

"Simply remarkable."

Mrs. J.D.E., Witesburg, Ga.

"Better than anything I've ever tried."

M.D., Indianapolis, Ind.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Test Ward's Skin Treatment at our risk. You must actually See, Feel and Enjoy the difference in your skin in 30 days or return unused portion for Double Your Money Back.

ACT NOW. Send coupon today for sensational no-risk offer.

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

WARD LABORATORIES INC.
1430 Broadway, Dept. 13K New York 18, N. Y.

Please rush 60-day supply of Ward's Skin Formula in plain wrapper at once. I will pay \$2.00 plus postage on delivery. I must be delighted with results or you guarantee DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK on return of unused portion.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

Send Money Back \$2.00 (Cash, Check or Money Order) and we pay postage. Same service unless after 30 days.

A.P.D., P.D., Canada and Foreign please add 30c—C.O.D.

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
ALBUS

MOROCOCCUS

PITYROSPORUM
OVALE

MICROBACILLUS

NOTHING, Absolutely nothing
known to Science can do more to

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but all four types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—fast
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—quickly
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—instantly
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—within 3 seconds

Once you're bald, that's it, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy all the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! Ward Laboratories, Inc., 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

SCALP ITCH
FALLING
HAIR

DANDRUFF

HEAD
ODORS

Proof!

We get letters like these every day from grateful men and women all over the world

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio
Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.
C. La St., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.
R. W. C., Chicago, Ill.
I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks time—no dandruff!—W. T. W., Portland, Cal.
I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.
J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio.

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but **Double Your Money Back** unless you actually **SEE, FEEL and ENJOY** all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

Ward Laboratories, Inc.

ACT TODAY or YOU MAY BE TOO LATE!

Ward Laboratories, Inc.
1430 Broadway, Dept 42H New York 18, N. Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or you **GUARANTEE** refund of **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Same refund offer holds, of course. APO, FPO, Canada & Foreign add \$6, no CODs.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY: BACK GUARANTEE

CHUCK WAGON

GUS



GUS, IF AH MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TA' HAVE A LOT O' APPLES WILL YO' GIVE ME A PIE!?

FOR JUST ONE PIE!?



